

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 58.—No. 50.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1880.

PRICE 4d. Unstamped.
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CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS.—The Tenth of the Series will take place THIS DAY (SATURDAY), December 11th, at Three o'clock, when Mr ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S new Sacred Drama, "THE MARTYR OF ANTIOCH," will be performed, preceded by the same Composer's Overture, "IN MEMORIAM." Vocalists—Mdmes Patey, Mrs Osgood, Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Frederic King. The Crystal Palace Choir. Organ—Mr A. J. Byrne. Conductor—Mr ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Seats, 2s. 6d. and 1s.; Admission to Concert-room, Sixpence.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—St James's Hall. —The LAST CONCERT this Year, on WEDNESDAY, at Eight o'clock. Artists:—Miss Mary Davies, Miss Clara Samuel, Mdmes Antoinette Sterling, and Miss Hope Glenn; Mr Edward Lloyd and Mr Joseph Mass; Mr Santley and Mr King. The South London Choral Association of 60 voices, under the direction of Mr L. C. Venables. Conductor—Mr SIDNEY MAYLOR. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Area, 4s. and 2s.; Balcony, 3s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s. Tickets to be had of Austin, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and Boosey & Co., 295, Regent Street.

SATURDAY ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.—The FOURTH and LAST CONCERT of the present Series will take place at St James's Hall, on SATURDAY Evening next, December 18th, at Eight o'clock. Vocalists—Mrs Osgood and Mr Edward Lloyd. Solo Pianoforte—Mdmes Frickenhaus. Orchestra of 60 performers. Leader—Mr Val Nicholson. Conductor—Mr FREDERIC H. COWEN. The Programme will include Mr F. H. Cowen's new Symphony in C minor. Tickets, 7s. 6d., 3s., and 1s., at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall, and at the usual Agents.

THIS EVENING.

MDME LIEBHART and Mdmes EMES'S NINTH SATURDAY MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT, LADBROKE HALL, Notting Hill, W., THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING, December 11th, at Eight o'clock. Mdmes Liebhart, Emes, A. Austin, E. Martens; MM. Benj Davis, A. Martens, Monari-Bocca. Pianoforte—Miss Florence Wand. Zither—Fräulein Kitty Berger. Conductor—Signor A. ROMILL. Popular prices—3s., 2s., and 1s.

MDME LIEBHART and Mdmes EMES'S GRAND BENEFIT CONCERT and LAST of the present Series, will take place on SATURDAY Evening, December 18th, at LADBROKE HALL, Notting Hill, W. Full particulars will be duly announced.

MR JOHN CROSS'S MONDAY EVENING POPULAR CONCERTS, HOLBORN TOWN HALL.

ARTISTS FOR DECEMBER 13TH, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK:

Miss JESSIE ROYD, Miss ELLIS WALTON, Miss EMILIE LLOYD.
Mr JOHN CROSS and Mr THURLEY BEALE.
Pianoforte—Mr EDWARD MORTON.
Flute—Signor LUIGI CAROZZI.
Organ—Mr H. COLLINGWOOD BANKS.
Conductor—Mr F. SEWELL SOUTHGATE.

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SCHUBERT SOCIETY. President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERT. Fourteenth Season, 1880. NOTICE.—The date of the next SOIRÉE MUSICALE will be duly announced. Full Prospectus on application to H. G. HOPPER, Hon. Sec., 244, Regent St., W.

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"I WISH I COULD GO HOME!"

(SONG.)

The Words by ELIZABETH D. CROSS.

The Music by

C. A. RANKEN.

Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"THE CHILD MARTYR," new Poem, written expressly for Miss LOUISE BALT, by EDWARD OXENFORD, Esq., will be recited by her at St Andrew's Hall, on January 12th, 1881, for the benefit of the Post Office Orphan Home Concert.—Copies may be had of Mr S. HAYES, 199, Regent Street, W., price Threepence.

"KILLARNEY."

MDME ALICE BARTH will sing BALFE's popular Song, "KILLARNEY," at the Sims Reeves Special Concert at Bristol, Dec. 15th.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR JOHN CROSS will sing ASCHER's popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at the Holborn Town Hall, on December 13th.

"THE LADY OF THE LEA."

MDME ENRIQUEZ will sing HENRY SMART's popular Song, "THE LADY OF THE LEA," at the Grand Ballad Concert, Alexandra Palace, This Day (Saturday), December 11th.

"TIS ALL THAT I CAN SAY."

SIGNOR DE LARA will sing HOPE TEMPLE's new Song, "TIS ALL THAT I CAN SAY," at the Dilettante Circle, on Monday evening next, December 13th.

"SWEET EVENING AIR."

MR HENRY WALSHAM will sing WILFORD MORGAN's charming Song, "SWEET EVENING AIR," at the Ballad Concert, Crystal Palace, on December 13th; and at Bradford, December 25th.

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("I LOVE THEE, I LOVE THEE.")

(Song.)

Words by TOM HOOD.

Music by

HOPE TEMPLE.

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(CRADLE SONG.)

Words and Music by

FREDERICK PENNA.

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"PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR."

(Song.)

Words by Mrs. EDWARD GOODLAKE.

Music by

EVELYN WODEHOUSE.

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Reprinted from "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

"FORM, OR DESIGN IN MUSIC."

BY

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

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"Miss Prescott's little pamphlet of thirty-two pages is also a reprint, the seven chapters which it contains having been first published in the *Musical World*. It deals with what is known as the 'Sonata Form,' and the different varieties of the same, which are clearly explained. The information here given is not very readily accessible, excepting in large musical treatises; and amateurs who wish to understand the construction of the higher forms of instrumental music will find Miss Prescott's little essay of much assistance to them."—*Athenaeum*.

NEW VOCAL QUARTET.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" Arranged for Soprano, Contralto, Tenor, and Bass by G. B. ALLEN. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

NEW VOCAL DUET.

"LONG AGO, LONG AGO." Two-part Song for Soprano and Mezzo-Soprano. Composed by ALEXANDER REICHARDT. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"HER VOICE."

IGNACE GIBSON'S popular Song (poetry by "A Soldier's Daughter"), sung by Mdme ENRIQUEZ, is published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Thursday evening week Mr Armit added Verdi's *Aida* to the repertory of the season. We cannot but think that he should have done this earlier, and that it would have been more profitable to the treasury and more acceptable to the public than the performance, over and over again, of worn-out operas which nobody wished to hear. But "better late than never." The Italian master's spectacular work once again met with cordial appreciation; it has been twice repeated. For the reason that we cannot expect artists to do their best in operas which have become familiar almost to the point of contempt, it may be assumed that they will feel the stimulus of others from which novelty and interest have scarcely departed. At any rate the assumption was warranted by the proceedings on this occasion, the *ensemble* of *Aida* being, on the whole, satisfactory. We need not again praise the scenery and dresses provided by Mr Mapleson when Verdi's Egyptian opera was brought out. Enough that the *mise-en-scène* in *Aida* forms a distinct attraction at Her Majesty's Theatre, and will remain so for some time to come. The part of the unhappy Ethiopian slave-girl now devolves upon Mme Zacchi, always an artist, though not in every case qualified for a perfect embodiment of the character she undertakes. She suffered on Thursday week from a disability none the less to be regretted because unavoidable, but her singing and acting made large amends in the estimation of all who could appreciate the qualities that distinguished both. Mme Trebelli played Amneris in the admirable manner which on previous occasions gained so much praise. Very few parts in this artist's repertory suit her so well as that of the Egyptian princess, and she shows her sense of the fact by making the most of every advantage it offers. Her Amneris is a really great and striking performance. Signor Runcio—most useful of tenors for a season like the present—represents Rhadames sufficiently well to deserve the applause he obtains; Signor Ordinas sings Ramfis in the manner to be expected of him; and Signor Aldighieri adds to his list of English successes by presenting a thoroughly dramatic Amonasro, and by rendering the music with equal spirit and finish. Signor Li Calsi knows his *Aida* by rote; so does the orchestra.

The extra season, under Mr Armit's direction, closes to-night. There has been little to speak of since our last notice. *Aida* was repeated on Saturday afternoon, and the eternal (never-unwelcome) *Carmen*—which the orchestra must by this time know by heart—in the evening. We have also had another performance of Signor Mattei's *Maria di Gand*; but the *Don Giovanni*, advertised for Tuesday night, was, at the eleventh hour, replaced by the *Barbiere di Siviglia*—no less a masterpiece in its way. For Thursday an Italian adaptation of the late Vincent Wallace's first opera, *Maritana*, was announced. Remarks about this, however, together with a brief survey of what Mr Armit, under many difficulties, has been able to do, for the satisfaction of his immediate patrons and the operatic public in general, must be deferred till next week.—*Graphic*.

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programmes of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 2nd:—

Fantasia for the Organ, in C minor	...	J. L. Hatton.
Andantino, in D major, from the Second Quartet	...	Haydn.
Minuetto, in C minor (<i>L'Arlésienne</i>)	...	G. Bizet.
Chaconne, from the Fourth Sonata, for the Violin	...	Bach.
(Arrangement for the Organ by W. T. Best.)		
Christmas Pastorale	...	A. S. Sullivan.
Fanfare Militaire, in E flat major	...	Rossini.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 4th:—

Organ Sonata, in C minor	...	J. Rheinberger.
Adagio, in E flat, from the Sixth Quartet	...	Beethoven.
Marche et Cortège de Bacchus (<i>Sylvia</i>)	...	L. Delibes.
Andante for the Organ, in A major	...	H. Smart.
Overture, <i>Athalie</i>	...	Mendelssohn.

[Over and over, Dover to Dover—thou man of scant research! —D.B.]

V. E. Nessler's *Rattenfänger von Hameln* has been produced in Königsberg.

VIENNA.

(Correspondence.)

The second Philharmonic Concert offered special interest apart from that of an attractive programme. This was due to the demonstrative reception by the public of Herr Hans Richter, the unrivalled conductor of these concerts, though, after all, there was no need of such large and so many laurel wreaths to cover the invisible needle punctures which one of the organs of the press here has endeavoured to inflict on so highly meritorious a man. We will now merely express a hope that, on the laurels which he has won for himself and with which his numerous friends and admirers have presented him, Herr Richter will—not repose for a long time to come. . . . A further attraction was Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in C major, so rarely heard here, played by Mme Montigny-Rémaury, the Parisian pianist. This lady, who has firmly established her reputation in France and England was new to Vienna. The Concerto she selected is not, perhaps, one of Beethoven's most remarkable works of the kind, but the fair artist appears to have set her heart on it for her *début* (proof, if proof were wanted, of her good taste.—Dr Blügel). Her performance, as graceful and virtuoso-like as inspired by noble feeling, made an extraordinary sensation, which, bursting forth into tumultuous applause even after the cadence of the first movement, was renewed after each subsequent movement, and finally reached its climax in repeated re-calls.

Maurice Strakosch, the celebrated discoverer, teacher, brother-in-law, and *impresario* of Adelina Patti, has introduced to the Viennese a young American singer, Miss Emma Thursby, from New York, who gave, the day before yesterday, at the rooms of the Musical Association, a concert in which she was supported by a full band. Whatever excellent training can do for a vocalist has been done in her case, staccatos, shakes, and runs, as well as everything else, being scrupulously correct. She sang with extraordinarily good taste Mozart's Air and the Scena of Ophelia's madness, from Thomas' *Hamlet*. She especially distinguished herself, moreover, in the extra pieces which Maurice Strakosch accompanied on the piano, among them being Eckert's "Echo Song" and the final air, with two *obbligato* flutes, from Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*. The audience greeted with the most hearty applause everything sung by this new vocal star, whose sympathetic, dignified, and unaffected style constitute a rare combination.

On the occasion of Mme Montigny-Rémaury's concert at the Bösendorf Rooms, the principal feature was Brahms' F minor Quintet, in which the fair concert-giver, who interpreted to perfection the pianoforte part, was most efficiently supported by the Hellmesberger Quartet (Herren Hellmesberger, Senr. and Junr., Maximsack, and Sulzer). Another well-graduated and model performance was that of Saint-Saëns' "Variations for Two Pianos," Professor Door taking the second piano. After playing several charming small pieces and a brilliant *Allegro* by Benjamin Godard, Mme Montigny was repeatedly re-called, and finally presented with a laurel wreath bound with the French national colours.

Z. Z.

REMARKABLE SALE.

The sale, at Nice, of the Duchess of Hamilton's property ended on Friday. Some music brought high prices—viz., Lully's *Atys*, 36 francs; *Armide*, 31 fr.; *Acis et Galatée*, 50 fr.; and *Proserpine*, 62 fr.; Marcello's *Psalms*, 4 vols., 55 fr.; Beethoven's *Trios*, 22 fr.; Crescentini's Works, 14 fr. 50 centimes.

The following lots also fetched their value:—*L'Art de Cuisiner*, 5 vols., 13 fr.; *Costume d'un Cheval* (i.e., *Horse Cloths*), 4 pieces, 31 fr.; *Sel Anglais*, 21 fr.; Portrait of Beatrice Cenci, 100 fr.; Tennyson's Works, 25 fr.; *Armoire-Red*, &c., in carved oak, 835 fr.; Sea Piece, 150 fr.; *Don Quichotte*, by Viardot, 25 fr.; *Plat, de Palissy*, 250 fr.; *Kito de thé*, 22 fr.; Jewel Box (empty), 150 fr.; Two pieces of carved oak, 22 fr.; Box, inlaid with ivory, 150 fr.; Portrait of the Duke of Hamilton, 200 fr.; Richly ornamented clock, 240 fr.; 11 vols. *Illustrated London News*, 39 fr.; Volume of Ancient Scotch and English Songs (more free than welcome!), 20 fr. All the celebrities of Nice were present or represented!

"So ends this strange, eventful history,
Replete with nods, and winks, and mystery."

R. E. L.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The present position of this society cannot fail to interest all who concern themselves with musical things. It is one of difficulty, for reasons both obvious and unquestionable. In point of fact, no circumstances whatever could impose a more arduous task or make heavier the odds against success. We all know that when a man's habits have, through long years of usage, become part of his nature, a radical change is almost impossible. As with individuals, so it is with associations of individuals; wherefore the Sacred Harmonic Society, driven from its old home, and placed under conditions both new and strange, deserves general sympathy and needs all possible help. It must be well known that the society was compelled to leave Exeter Hall, with which it had become so intimately associated as to make even the name a reminder of the masterpieces of oratorio, and of many an impressive performance. From a sentimental point of view, this forcible separation excites regret, but it may, after all, turn out a blessing in disguise. Had the society remained where it was, change would have been difficult in the extreme, and yet circumstances were operating to bring about a condition of things with change as the only alternative of extinction. We believe this to be a perfectly correct statement. It is no secret that for some years past the society's concerts have not paid their expenses. Slowly but surely the funds accumulated in prosperous times have dwindled, and the most sanguine friends of the institution could not but see that a crisis was at hand. Under conditions like these, we should, perhaps, recognize good rather than evil fortune in an event which brought on the crisis earlier than it might otherwise have come, and not only compelled a "new departure," but in some sort dictated the line to be taken. No one needs telling that, during the later years of its tenancy of Exeter Hall, the society relied for support upon its traditions as the representative of oratorio, upon performances remarkable for the effect produced by a powerful band and chorus, and upon the favour shown by its patrons to a few well-known masterpieces. Events have proved that these things became less and less trustworthy as time went on; but the fact is indisputable that they were the foundation upon which the society rested. Oratorio in Exeter Hall had, for many persons, the flavour of a religious exercise. It was one of the few entertainments that "serious" people could enjoy without offence to the public opinion of their class, and thus the Exeter Hall audience obtained amongst kindred gatherings a distinct and well-marked individuality. But even its flatterers could not call it a musical audience. It had no curiosity whatever. Not the smallest craving to ascertain what lay beyond the limits of its knowledge ever troubled it, and on the rare occasions when the society presented something new the people stayed away. It loved an oratorio precisely according to the degree in which the work had become familiar, and *The Messiah* and *Elijah* never failed to draw the greatest crowd. Having no curiosity, the Exeter Hall audience did not take the trouble to be critical. It felt pride in looking upon "nearly seven hundred performers," and desired nothing better than to be shaken by the roar which a wave of Sir Michael Costa's thunder-compelling *baton* could evoke. We must not be supposed to underate the music that contented the society's patrons. The powerful and imposing march of a Handelian chorus in Exeter Hall was something quite able to warrant the admiration it excited. At the same time, the policy of the society removed its operations out of the purview of an increasingly great musical public, with whom it years ago ceased to be a question what the "Sacred Harmonic" was about. No amateur turned an inquiring face to Exeter Hall, since the issue thence could be foretold with sufficient accuracy.

A moment's reflection serves to show how completely circumstances are now changed. From the serious atmosphere of the Strand edifice, where it dwelt in almost monastic isolation, the society has passed to the light and life of St James's Hall; its once formidable army of executants has shrunk to less than half, and there is now no possibility of subsisting upon a few standard works. A more complete revolution of its kind never took place, but our belief is that it might be made as happy as it is thorough. This issue entirely depends upon whether the managers can adapt their policy to their strange surroundings. For them, if they would keep the enterprise afloat, there must be no more of Exeter Hall humdrum. They have, in effect, to secure a new constituency among the ever-growing throng of people who, possessed of more or less musical culture, are both curious and critical. This is their task, and nothing less than this will suffice. The question how to achieve it seems to us of easy answer. It points to two distinct objects—first, excellence of performance; second, a programme that, while paying due honour to the classics of sacred music, shall keep the society level with the march of that division of art. We do not think there need be any difficulty in securing the first object. True, it is hopeless to emulate the thunder of Exeter Hall. That

has ceased for ever, but noise, we should recollect, is not music, while there is only one composer whose works can bear an exceptional accumulation of means without risk of harm. Three hundred performers in St James's Hall are enough for reasonable effect; and it should be the aim of the society to become famous in future for delicacy and finish, as in the past it has been celebrated for qualities of a cheaper sort. The question of novelties is, we must confess, surrounded by greater difficulty, and calls for cautious and thoughtful handling. But we are in no doubt whatever on the point that, if the society is to live, its programme must be far more liberal and varied than heretofore. The musical public demand this as the price of their adhesion, and rightly. They desire an enlargement of their experience; they want to know what is doing at the present moment, as well as to be reminded of what was done in the time of Handel; and they are prepared to insist that whenever a good thing in sacred music is forthcoming, no matter whence, the society that claims to be the chief exponent of oratorio in London shall promptly take it up. The managers should distinctly understand that the satisfaction of these requirements is, for their enterprise, a matter of life or death. Should they not be met we foretell, without the trepidation that generally becomes prophecy, a speedy and regrettable end.

The performance on Friday the 3rd inst., in St James's Hall was, on the whole, encouraging; while the choice of works seemed to indicate a desire for the variety and attraction just insisted upon. It is true that Beethoven's *Mass* in C, Mendelssohn's "*Lauda Sion*," and the fragments of *Christus* have often been given before, but they are not hackneyed, and together they make up a programme to which contrast lends its own peculiar charm. Moreover, these works were well adapted to display the qualities of a chorus now more select than numerous. We must congratulate the Sacred Harmonic Society upon having in this respect made a vast stride at the earliest possible moment. Not that its 200 voices have reached the goal of perfection. There is still a distance to be travelled, and hard work to be done. But the end, judging from Friday night's experience, is assured. For all an occasional lack of precision, and now and then a tendency to sink in pitch, it was a treat to hear the music of Beethoven and Mendelssohn sung by the society's new chorus. The performers have been chosen with great care, the voices are fresh and vigorous, and Sir Michael Costa may make of the materials supplied to his hands just what excellence he pleases. The band, we regret to observe, still contains a number of amateurs, who, however capable, cannot be as good as professionals. Yet, there was nothing of which to complain on Friday night. Led by M. Sainton, and with a thoroughly tried artist in each responsible place, the orchestra did its work right well. Concerning the solo vocalists, whose names have already appeared, there is little to say, because the music gave few opportunities for special effort. Mrs Osgood distinguished herself in the soprano part of "*Lauda Sion*," obtaining hearty and deserved applause at the close of her principal air. Mr Gye, too, exerted himself with good effect in the recitatives of *Christus*, while the concerted music owed much to Miss Hancock and Mr King. Sir Michael Costa conducted with his customary masterfulness, and received a warm greeting on taking his place to open the new season with his own arrangement of the National Anthem.—D. T.

EMMA THURSBY AT VIENNA.—Miss Emma Thursby brilliantly justified yesterday the reputation preceding her as a concert-singer. Even before she opened her lips she had worked half a miracle: She had filled the large room of the Musical Association, a feat of late years only achieved by Rubinstein and Joachim. Miss Thursby possesses, if not a powerful, a very pleasing soprano of extensive compass, its flute-like character in the upper notes reminding one of Jenny Lind. It has been admirably trained, in *portamento*, in the gradations of tone, in scales, runs, and command of distant intervals. We have heard very few take the highest notes more easily and correctly, execute a *staccato* more unerringly, or trills more close and equal than this American lady. Miss Thursby sang Mozart's concert-air, "*Mia speranza adorata*," Ophelia's final scene from the *Hamlet* of Ambroise Thomas, and lastly the air with two *obbligato* flutes from Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*. Being several times re-called, she added Eckert's "*Echoliad*," and Taubert's "*Vöglein*," both originally introduced by Jenny Lind. As they, too, are simply *bravura* airs in disguise, Miss Thursby's programme consisted exclusively of *bravura* exhibitions, which, as finished specimens of this particular style excited general admiration. The fair concert-giver was supported by Herren Popper and Robert Fischhof, who were warmly and deservedly applauded in various compositions for the piano and violoncello.—(*Neue Freie Presse*, Nov. 27.)

MUSICAL DYSPEPSIA.

(From Dwight's "Journal of Music," Boston, U. S.)

This is an old world infirmity which young America is fast becoming heir to. Every spring and early summer of late years we hear complaint of too much music, a plethora of concerts. The musical appetite is sated, and musical digestion spoiled by such continual listening, or half-listening, to all sorts of performances, good, bad, and indifferent, by all sorts of artists. And the most delicate stomachs, the most easily deranged or paralyzed by too dainty or excessive musical indulgence, are just those of the most refined, fastidious, experienced music lovers. How often will you hear one of the most truly musical of men declare himself not only tired, but heartily sick of hearing music! The worst of it is, that in our great musical centres, our cities to which all artists bring their musical wares, and before whose audiences they are all eager to produce themselves, we never have precisely a natural, wholesomely regulated supply. It is always either too much or too little, always either drouth or a protracted deluge; for one spell none at all, and for another an overwhelming quantity all at once. No digestive powers are fairly equal to it. Of course we speak of music which is supposed to be listened to, which we go to with respect and take more or less in earnest. The other kind, that which is not listened to, which we do not go after, but which comes to us, accosts us everywhere in our walks and through our windows, through the long summer days and evenings,—that persecutor never gives us any peace; like the poor, it is always with us. But then one may get accustomed to it, and hear all the street organs and singers and band-horse-cars which go round to advertise the various shows, with about the same indifference that he hears the rumbling of cart-wheels or the general street hum. It is your regular, continual, set concert-going, your listening to endless programmes of music, classic and modern, but each claiming your particular attention, that does the mischief. It is this that dulls the sense, confounds the brain, overloads the stomach, paralyzes the fine nerves of musical appreciation, until all music begins to sound alike, and you are conscious of a vague humming in your ears, and of a morbid, over-sensitive condition of the very faculties and nerves through which you have enjoyed such exquisite delight, such quickening inspiration. The greatest sufferers from this experience, of course, are those who make it a duty, professionally, to keep the run of all the operas and concerts, to try to appreciate them and to do justice to each one in the expected daily or weekly criticism or report. We are tempted just in this musical vacation-time, these August dog-days, when no one has a right to ask from us a serious essay, to give our readers, by way of lighter reading, a well-known German musical writer's experience, as related by him in a letter from Switzerland, which we translate from the last number of the *Leipziger Signale*.

" You suffer with humming in your ears, sleeplessness, nervous irritation, shrinking from society. That's musical indigestion. All you need is rest. Go into Switzerland, as high as you can; seek the stillest air-cure place that you can find, and you will soon be better!

A brave man my good doctor. He is fond himself of music making, but he has never played me anything. He knows what a musical season in Baden-Baden means! I pressed his hand with grateful fervour, and took an express train ticket direct to Thun, so as to go on the next morning as far as Lauterbrunn. "If 'twere done—then 'twere well 'twere done quickly." I had no idea of stopping at Interlaken. Interlaken is the Baden-Baden of Switzerland: magnificent hotels, cure-gardens, cure-fests, cure-music—to get all that, I do not travel to the Bernese Oberland. That I can have more conveniently and cheaper in Baden-Baden. In Lauterbrunn I stopped no longer than was necessary to admire the landlord's pretty daughter at the "Steinboch," who stands all the day long in Bernese-Oberland costume at the door of the hotel, to draw strangers in, who are then taken in by her father. Mürren was to be my place of rest. It lies so high among the mountains, and so far off from the high-road of tourists, that I could hope to hear no music there. Free from all forebodings, I climbed up the bridle-path. A very cultivated, not musical fellow-countryman was my friendly travelling companion; we threw ourselves exhausted into the *Hôtel des Alpes*. I got an excellent corner chamber, from which I could overlook the magnificent panorama of the Jungfrau mountain range as conveniently as in a diorama, and I praised my good star that had led me there.

Alas! too early. Scarcely had I settled myself comfortably

down, when directly beneath me there was piano-playing. Involuntarily I listened—one gets accustomed to that, like a cavalry horse to a trumpet—and a shudder came over me. Beethoven's C minor Symphony for four hands, played by two English ladies! O God! Furious I went down stairs to reconnoitre. There sat the whole assembly of the *pension* boarders in the music-room, and listened in sweet rapture to this piano hideously out of tune. I had fallen into a downright English *pension*, and a musical one besides. For after Beethoven had been sufficiently broken on the wheel, there came other ladies and sang English songs, Irish songs, &c. "We have music here in this way every evening after dinner," said mine host in a tone of high satisfaction. I begged for another room, no matter how far back, only as far as possible from the drawing-room. But that was no help at all, what with the always open windows and the thin partition-walls. So, away from here! In sheer desperation I climbed the Schilthorn, of which Verlepsch flippantly asserts, that the ascent is "without danger." He certainly never went up himself! That I was not seized with vertigo and hurled headlong from that bald slate rock, that falls off so steeply and so many thousand feet into the Lauterbrunn valley, I owe only to the compassionate clouds which hid the danger from me, while on the other hand I could not once see the Jungfrau for sheer mist, still less all the other beauties which one prescriptively is bound to admire. I was vividly reminded of *Mignon*, especially of the classical line:

"Where loaded mules climb o'er the misty ridge!"

I would not have returned by the same way for a kingdom. I preferred to slide down for 1200 feet on a great snow-field, arriving in Mürren with ragged clothes and soaking boots.

"That, with her—singing,
Had the English lady done!"

I remained at this "stillest" and highest habitable spot of the Bernese Oberland only long enough to have the village shoemaker of Mürren—who watched the cattle all day—nail my boots together again. Then I packed my knapsack and bade good riddance to Mürren for ever.

But where now?—Schönegg, very charmingly situated above Beckenried, on the lake of the Four Cantons, was said to be a very quiet *pension*. Englishmen, regarding whom I cautiously inquired, are not there; they prefer the neighbouring Seelisberg. There are Swiss families almost exclusively in Schönegg, and the Swiss know in their native land where it is good and cheap. I was friendly received by the young "director," was contented with the quarters, and resolved here to set up my tabernacle. "You come to-day just in the nick of time," said he with a smirk, "for we are to have a little evening musical party." I started back in dismay. He took it for joyful surprise. "Yes, a musical farewell soirée. A very musical lady from Basle leaves the *pension* in the morning, and all the forces of the house are to unite in her honour, to give her a worthy farewell. I sing tenor myself." Ah! if this very musical lady had only gone off yesterday! The worst of it was, that I could not escape from this choice circle. As the latest arrival, I was formally invited and I had to stay. The overture to *Martha*, twice bungled through with four hands, opened the feast. What followed, thank the Lord, I don't remember. For I went out on the balcony, as far as possible from the piano, and gazed upon the wonderful night, where a thunder-storm moved back and forth between Pilatus and the Rigi, and with its flashes magically lit up the wildly foaming lake. And, for accompaniment, Abt, Kücken, Gounod and the *Trovatore*!

"The world is perfect everywhere,
If man brings not his tortures there."

Only one thing amused me in it all. The Herr "Director" sang duets with the leave-taking beauty from Basle. During her stay at the *pension* they had evidently sung themselves into each other's hearts. Now they shook out their woe in heart-rending tones of parting, and little dreamed that an inhuman critic was making merry over their anguish. "Ich wollt' mein Lieb' ergösse" was the crown of all their efforts. It had to be sung *da capo*, for the hundred-thousandth time since the duet came into the world through Kistner. The following day was a Sunday. At the dinner table the door of the corridor was set open. Around a table sat eight musicians and tune—or rather they do not tune. "They give a concert here twice a week," explained the director. "They play by turns in Kaltbad, Seelisberg, and for us." "And not on the Rigi-Kulm then?" "No." "Good! Then I go to the Rigi-Kulm." It was the stubbornness of despair that inspired me with this hasty resolution. I knew not what I was doing. In Mürren I had fled from the English, in Schönegg from the Swiss, only to fall into a wasp-nest of Berliners in Schriber's hotel. That is to say, out of the frying-pan into the fire. Real genuine imported Spree-Athenians,—some of them, however, had never been baptized in the Spree water. They took me

for an anti-Shemite. I fled to the reading-room, to bury myself in the newspapers. There I took up a yellow written placard: "This evening, after the table d'hôte, concert of the Tyrolean Singing Society Jodel-Fritze from the Zillerthal." Holy Cecilia! What sin have I committed, that thou shouldst do this to me!

But—when the need is greatest, help is also nearest. Berthold Auerbach was stopping last autumn in Karlsruhe, where he lived in the hotel Germania like a prince—"and am I not a prince?" he replied to my remark,—and wrote "Brigitta." Spielhagen, who was resting from his charming "Quisisana" in Baden-Baden, was on a visit to him; B. von Scheffel completed this triad of literary celebrities, such as are seldom seen together in such harmony. The conversation turned on the Swiss air-cure places. Auerbach praised above all Tarasp. It was so splendidly situated, so idyllic, so invigorating. The Lucius spring was not inferior to Vichy and Marienbad; but such splendid Alpine air was to be found in no other bathing-place. That suddenly occurred to me when I took flight before the Tyroleans. So down I went by rail the next morning toward Zug, and by evening was already in Landquart, after a gondolo ride of a few hours on the Wallensee. Davos, the Eldorado of consumptive patients, I passed not without a secret shudder. For behind the cloister, our mail coach overtook a wagon load of musical instruments; the double-bass was packed on the top. These instruments of torture were just then being unloaded in Davos. Lucky for me! Only a zither went on by mail with us, but turned off in Süs toward the upper Engadine. Now I breathe freely. Snow, to a man's height, still lay on the grand Flüelen pass, the little lake at the Hospiz was still frozen fast. But then the car flew like the wind into the Alpine summer, and all music was left far behind me, in the gray and misty distance.

The Cur-house in Tarasp was still closed, the season only begins on the 15th of June. And that was fortunate; for a peep through the window showed me in the *salon* a musical instrument of the most dangerous description—a concert grand piano. In former years Meister Hauser of Karlsruhe has moved more than one lady's heart here by his singing,—now it was all still as death. Yes, the season is so completely dead, that not even a barber can be found here. The Figaro of all Cur-guests has not yet arrived, so that suffering humanity—so far only a dozen persons—drinks the Lucius spring perfume unshaved, but at the same time unrasped by the Cur music, which at present makes Meran unsafe. But I, well satisfied, have ascended to Vulpera (4200 feet high), and here I live as the only guest in the idyllic *pension* Conradin, which I recommend to all, who would live pleasantly and cheaply and hear no music. For in the parlour there stands no piano. I hear nothing but the bells of the cattle on the Alpine pastures, the call of the cuckoo in the neighbouring wood, and the murmur of the impetuous Inn. Hither come, ye music-weary!

RICHARD POHL.

Vulpera, June, 15, 1880.

A CHANCE INTERVIEW WITH ADELINA PATTI.

(From the "Courier des Etats-Unis.")

Rencontré, le matin, sur le boulevard, devant le Grand-Hôtel, la diva Patti et Nicolini. Ils se promenaient bras dessus, bras dessous, comme des étrangers qui viennent de quitter l'hôtel et qui vont, avant déjeuner, faire des emplettes dans les magasins, ou un tour de santé à travers les rues. La diva portait un petit costume sombre, très simple; jupe gris foncé, paletot de vigogne olive, garni de peluche et toque noire, avec une courte voilette rouge, qui mettait sur ses joues une adorable pointe de rose satiné. Toujours charmante, avec ses grands yeux veloutés qui ont fasciné toute l'Europe, les passants se détournaient pour la voir, s'arrêtaient pour admirer cette célébrité rayonnante trotinant sur le boulevard, comme une petite bourgeoise matinale.

"C'est la Patti"—se disait-on en se poussant le coude.

La Patti! Et ce nom magique courait, volait, bondissait, de groupe en groupe, faisait lever toutes les têtes, arrêtant pendant quelques minutes la vie affairée et les lentes flâneries de l'asphalte, à dix heures du matin. Et derrière elle, à mesure qu'elle marchait, il y avait comme un sillage pétrifié de gens en arrêt, bouche béante, yeux écarquillés. "C'est la Patti." Il semblait que ce nom chantât aux oreilles la claire et pure et sonore chanson du rossignol. Je salue la diva.

"Ah! c'est vous, cher monsieur"—me dit-elle—"que je suis heureuse de vous revoir!" Et nous voilà causant, bavardant, comme gens qui se retrouvent après de longues absences. Vous pensez si j'ai rappelé les souvenirs étincelants de l'hiver dernier, ces soirées magnifiques, ces triomphes portés sur les fleurs entassées et les couronnes de Paris reconnaissant et ensorcelé.



"Oh! mais, je reviendrai"—me dit la Patti—"je reviendrai. Voici mon programme: Je vais à Berlin, où je suis engagée, et puis je retourne à Paris, reprendre à la Gaité mes représentations de l'hiver dernier. Et puis... qui sait? Je suis bien lasse de l'Angleterre, allez! C'est un pays où l'on n'a pas le droit de chanter, et de chasser, et de rien faire, à sa guise... et je n'ai qu'une idée, vendre mes propriétés et quitter ce ciel triste au plus vite."

"Comment cela?"

"L'income tax, tout simplement. Je ne puis chanter à Berlin, à Vienne, à Paris, n'importe où, sans que rentrée chez moi, je voie arriver un employé du fisc qui me réclame des droits très lourds sur le prix de mes engagements. Ma voix, c'est une grosse partie de mon revenu, n'est-ce pas? Alors on impose ma voix. Et puis, si vous saviez toutes les tracasseries auxquelles nous sommes en butte, dans ce joli pays de Galles, tant chanté par les poètes! Nous ne sommes entourés que d'ennemis, d'envieux, de jaloux, qui inventent contre nous des tours diaboliques. Vous vous plaignez des paysans des environs de Paris; et les paysans de la-bas! On dirait qu'ils viennent en droite ligne du *Gymnase*, qu'ils se sont échappés des *Bons Villageois*. Tous des Grinchus. M. Nicolini a fait de grands sacrifices pour installer de belles chasses et de beaux tirés. Tous les paysans voisins viennent lui réclamer des sommes énormes, sous prétexte que les faisans abiment et détruisent leurs récoltes. Ils ne se contentent pas de braconner effrontément, tout comme à Rambouillet; il faut encore payer leur blé, qui n'a pas souffert, et les betteraves—les betteraves, oui, cher monsieur. Tous les jours ce sont des scènes, des embûches à éviter, des insultes à subir. Ces gens-là ont complètement empoisonné ma vie, que je rêvais si tranquille et si heureuse et si reposante la-bas, et ils m'ont fait prendre en horreur ce nid que j'avais à plaisir si bien ouaté, si bien capitonné... Non, non, j'en ai assez du pays de Galles, et il me faut des horizons plus calmes... Ah! si je pouvais trouver en France une belle propriété!"

"Mais il n'en manque pas, je vous assure. Sans compter qu'à Paris..."

"Paris? Non, vous comprenez, c'est bien près mais je chercherai ailleurs. Oh! je ne redoute pas la campagne."

"Ainsi, nous pouvons compter que nous vous aurons bientôt comme compatriote?"

"Peut-être! Je le désire beaucoup."—"Mais, en attendant nous vous aurons toujours comme idole!"

TOUT PARIS (MENT).

[That the foregoing is from a Parisian (Long Island) correspondent to a United States journal will be readily understood. Adelina never could jabber French in this style, and the whole may pair off with the "Moon Hoax."—D. B.]

LEEDS FESTIVAL.—From the report of the Leeds Musical Festival Committee it appears that the profits of the enterprise this year amounted to the very handsome sum of £2,371, and the question now to be decided is, how to dispose of the money. The performances having been officially announced as given for the Leeds medical charities, there can be no question that those institutions have a first claim upon the funds, and the committee propose to divide among them £2,000. The matter, however, rests with the guarantors, and it is no secret that a disposition exists to use a substantial portion of the surplus for the advancement of the cause of music. We have on various occasions contended that this should be done at all musical festivals. As now conducted, these institutions assume that they are unworthy of existence for their own sake, and for the furtherance of artistic culture; not one, as far as our knowledge goes, failing to come before the public with charity as its chief motive. Something of Philistinism enters into this state of things, and it is to be hoped that, with enlarged views of the value and dignity of music, our festival towns will not be ashamed to pay a first regard to its interests. A brilliant example is now set in Scotland. That country has no festivals, but the leading amateurs in its principal towns have combined and started a limited liability company, registered at the Board of Trade as a company "not for profit," and bound by its articles of association to administer a capital of £20,000 for the sole good of the art divine. If this can be done by practical and matter-of-fact Scotchmen, surely Englishmen may work on festival committees and elsewhere for the cause of music without first disguising themselves as friends of charity.—D. T.

LA CHANSON DE FORTUNIO.

Translated by Maria X. Hayes.

Deep in my soul that name concealing
 I'll ne'er betray;
 Gain'd I an empire in revealing
 Nought would I say.
 But I will praise each charm while singing
 In simple lay,
 That she is fair as corn up-springing
 In Summer day!
 Her lightest wish what'er desiring
 I would obey;
 And I would give—at her requiring
 E'en life away!
 With secret love consumed I languish,
 To grief a prey,
 This breaking heart's deep silent anguish
 Naught can allay!
 Too dearly in my soul I cherish
 That name to say,
 And tho' with life the secret perish
 Naught I'll betray!

* The second lines of the couplets rhyme throughout, both in the original and translation.

MARIA DI GAND.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Now that the opera season at Her Majesty's Theatre is about to close, and the last representation of my opera, *Maria di Gand*, has been given, may I solicit your kind insertion of a few words from me?

I am anxious, in the first place, to express my gratitude for the many kind and encouraging comments made upon my first operatic work, and, in the next place, I wish to explain that it was commenced fourteen years ago, and completed in the year 1868, before the production in this country of *Aida*, *Carmen*, and the works of Richard Wagner. It was written in conformity with what was the accepted Italian model at the time of its inception, and I may add that it was the first work orchestrated by me. No matter how much I may subsequently have been impressed by recent innovations in the construction of lyric dramas, I thought it best to refrain from any endeavour to re-model my work, and, excepting the elisions made after it was privately performed at St George's Hall, it remains precisely as it stood twelve years ago.

Trusting you will kindly give publicity to this explanation of the differences existing between *Maria di Gand* and more advanced lyric works, which were not performed in England until long after my opera was written, I reiterate my thanks for the great kindness which has been shown me.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

TITO MATTEI.

December 8th.

MILAN.—The first four performances of *L'Etoile du Nord* brought in 23,500 francs at the Teatro Dal Verme.—A comic opera, *Abelardo ed Eloisa*, by Dominiceti (not Donimizzetti—Dr Blügel), is to be produced during the Carnival at the same theatre.

MISS JULIA ELTON'S FAREWELL.—Miss Julia Elton's appearance was associated with more than ordinary interest, for it was announced as her final "adieu" to the public. It is nearly fourteen years since the old Philharmonic Society, under the direction of Messrs L. Stern and C. T. West, gave concerts in Brighton, assisted by the leading talent of the day; and among the vocalists at the earlier concerts was Miss Elton. There are those who remember that the songs she gave on Saturday were, by a happy coincidence, those that first introduced her to a Brighton audience. Effective alike in music sacred and secular, Miss Elton has made an especial mark, and her retirement from public life will be a source of regret to many, while she carries with her the best wishes of all. The Irish melody, "Oft in the still night," sung with great refinement, was loudly applauded; and in the second part, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, Miss Elton was re-called after a highly effective rendering of Barnett's "Little fay, pretty fay." The audience, however, not satisfied with this, and remembering that they were bidding farewell to one of their special favourites, continued their enthusiastic applause till Miss Elton responded by singing with charming taste, "Dublin Bay." Her retirement from the platform was accompanied by prolonged applause, the choir performing a graceful act in standing as the vocalist bade adieu to her friends and admirers.

LA CHANSON DE FORTUNIO.

Music by Offenbach, Poem by Alfred de Musset.

Si vous croyez que je vais dire
 Qui j'ose aimer : *
 Je ne saurai pour un empire
 Vous la nommer.
 Nous allons chanter à la ronde
 Si vous voulez,—
 Que je l'adore et qu'elle est blonde
 Comme les blés !
 Je fais ce que sa fantaisie
 Veut m'ordonner ;
 Et je puis s'il lui faut ma vie,
 La lui donner !
 Du mal qu'une amour ignorée
 Nous fait souffrir,
 J'en porte l'âme déchirée
 Jusqu'à mourir !
 Mais j'aime trop pour que je dise
 Qui j'ose aimer :
 Et je veux mourir pour ma mie,
 Sans la nommer !

Clench.

(From the "Malvern Newsecho.")

In the early part of the Nineteenth Century of the Christian Era a citizen of the *Musical World* strolled at night along Pall Mall and St James's, on his way from Belgrave to Whitehall, accompanied only by the Echo of his footsteps. An old Engineer and soldier of the Queen, he had traversed by Land and Water the greater part of the Globe, and had, since his *Broad Arrow* days, fought under more than one *Standard*. Taking out his *Tablet*, he stood and wrote as follows :—"The study of *Public Opinion* offers a wide Field for the intelligent *Spectator* and *Examiner* of the *Times*." At this moment a *Watchman*, who had been a close *Observer* of his movements, approached and said, "Come, my noble *Sportsman*, you must move on!" "And what if I refuse?" demanded the other, standing like a *Rock* with his back against a *Post*, immovable as *Temple Bar*; "To be *Brief* with you, my friend, I shall in *Truth* stay here *Once a Week* if I think proper." "Well," rejoined *Civilian*, "I am appointed *Guardian* of this thoroughfare *All the Year Round*, and I protest against your making any *Sketch* or *Record* here. Are you a *Builder*?" Instantly a grasp of *Iron* was laid on his arm. "Do you wish me to *Punch* your head?" asked the *Traveller*. "Oh, no—*Judy* forbid!"—replied the other, all of a *Quiver*, "I was only in *Fun*."

Boiling Bob.

EASY TASKS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—With regard to modern pianists holding the D major piano-forte concerto of Mozart as "quite an easy task," I have only to say—let them try it. For fifty pianists of the "advanced (?) school," who, with more or less mechanical facility, scramble through a fantasia by Liszt (or one of the shower of Lisztoids, representing that staggering phenomenon's immeasurable tail), there are scarcely half a dozen to be named who can play with the tone, expression, and finely-balanced phrasing necessary to a complete interpretation of a Mozart slow movement. Of course, Liszt (when in the humour.—Dr Blügel) plays the slow movement as divinely as he plays the fantasia super-hysterically. But then—"The whole may pair off with the Moon Hoax."

BELLOWS BROWN.

The Directors have great regret in stating, that Madame GRISI is suffering from so severe a Cold and Hoarseness as to prevent the possibility of her performing this Evening; the kind indulgence of the Audience is, therefore, most respectfully requested towards

MADAME CASTELLAN,

who has most kindly offered to sing the part of *Pamina*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,
 May 11th, 1852.

ST JAMES'S HALL.
MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
 TWENTY-THIRD SEASON, 1880-81.
 DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

ELEVENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON,
 MONDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1880,
 At Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quartet, in E flat, Op. 71, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Haydn)—M^{me} Norman-Néruda, M^{rs} L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti; Song, "Le Valon" (Gounod)—Mr Oswald; Ballade, in G minor, for pianoforte alone (Chopin)—M^{lle} Janotha.
 PART II.—Sonata, in G major, Op. 78, for pianoforte and violin (Brahms)—M^{lle} Janotha and M^{me} Norman-Néruda; Song, "O cessate di piangermi" (Scarlatti)—Mr Oswald; Three Pieces for pianoforte and violoncello (Rubinstein)—M^{lle} Janotha and Signor Piatti. Accompanist—Mr Zerbini.

FIFTH AFTERNOON CONCERT,
 SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1880,
 At Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quartet, in A major, Op. 18, No. 5, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Beethoven)—M^{me} Norman-Néruda, M^{rs} L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti; Air, "Chi vive amante" (Handel)—Miss Orridge; Sonata, in C major, Op. 53, dedicated to Count Waldstein, for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—M^{lle} Janotha; Sonata, in D, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment (Corelli)—M^{me} Norman-Néruda; Song, "Figlia mia" (Handel) and "Vado ben spesso" (Salvator Rosa)—Miss Orridge; Sonata, in B flat, Op. 45, for pianoforte and violoncello (Mendelssohn)—M^{lle} Janotha and Signor Piatti. Accompanist—Mr Zerbini.

PORTRAIT of SIGNOR PIATTI by FRANK HOLL, A.R.A.
 Engraved by FRANCIS HOLL. Artist's Proofs, with Autograph of Signor Piatti, 43 3s.; Proofs before Letters, 22 2s.; Plain Impressions, 21 1s. Proof Engravings to be seen at Messrs Thos. Agnew & Sons, 39A, Old Bond Street (the Publishers); and Messrs Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; where Subscribers' names will be received.

M^{me} ARABELLA GODDARD begs to announce that her ACADEMY for Lady Students in Pianoforte Music was RE-OPENED on WEDNESDAY, Oct. 6. Classes now forming. Prospectuses of the SECRETARY, Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour Street, W.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DR CHEESE (Frankfort-on-the-Maine).—Too late. Will appear next week, with other serious matter.

The Model.

Alone I pore over the face and form
 As over some extraordinary book
 That holds the brain in thrall, though worn
 Have gnawed the print. She is a book indeed,
 For silentness and stillness. So I look
 And all my heart's and soul's live pulses read.

Each eye is fettered in a gloomy ring.
 On either side the pallid face's calm,
 Like ivy on a ruin at evening
 The hair trails with its coronal of headache.
 A likeness made, I said "Sleep bringeth balm"
 —The only answer was "Do not the head ache?"

Whereat I dreamt of Gladness, with her song,
 And laugh, like sudden sparkle-flight in wine,
 And sunny presence—of a moment long;
 Thinking that save she bode with me a while
 A nimbler pencil would it need than mine
 To catch one least light of that glorious smile.

"Aye! thou art easier to paint, O Sorrow,
 "Than she, the sweet, the fleet, the far-descried,
 "Who sang to me this time last night—"To-morrow"
 "When I am quieter I will come and stay"
 "Alone with you long whiles"; then Sorrow sighed
 Saying, "My name was Gladness yesterday."

Polkhu.

DEATHS.

On Dec. 3rd, at her son's residence, 63, Albany Street, Regent's Park, M^{me} MARGARITA NAPPI, aged 84.

On December 8, CATHERINE, the devoted and attached wife of W. H. HOLMES, 36, Beaumont Street, Marylebone. Beloved by all who knew her.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1880.

HANS RICHTER.

(From a Correspondent.)

HERR HANS RICHTER, as readers of the *Musical World* have already been made aware, was attacked by Herr Ludwig Spiedel, in a recent number of the *Fremdenblatt*, as a conductor "totally devoid of musical temperament and cleverness." At the second Philharmonic Concert the audience took occasion to express their sympathy with Herr Richter on his having been made the butt of such absurd and incredible invective. In testimony of their confidence in him, his desk was decked with a laurel garland, and, on his coming forward to conduct, he was greeted with rounds of applause as overwhelming as they were unanimous.

Vienna, Dec. 7.

University of Cambridge.

FINAL EXAMINATION FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF MUSIC.

[Pills for Candidates.]

December 2 and 3, 1880. 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Examined and approved:—Pearce, non-collegiate.

(Signed)

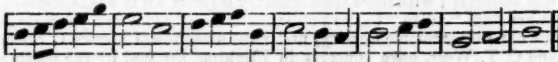
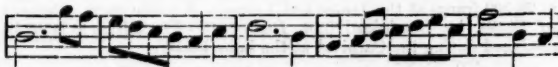
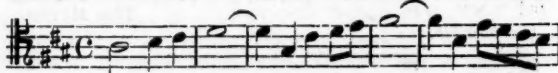
G. A. MACFARREN.

G. GARRETT.

C. VILLIERS STANFORD.

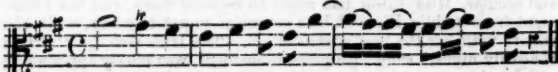
In all cases of figured bass, it is not the written intervals, but the complete chords which might accompany them which must be indicated by the figuring. Passing notes are not to be figured.

1. Find the answer to the following canon for two in one. The canon is perpetual, the last two bars being free. Write the canon in score, figure the bass, and mark where the repeat is to begin and end.



2. Write the subject to precede the following fugal answer. State whether the subject is authentic or plagal.

Coronation Anthem (HANDEL).

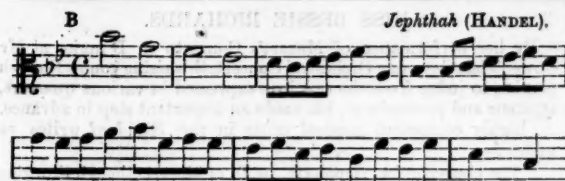


3. Write answers to the following fugue subjects. State whether each subject be tonal or real, and, if tonal, whether authentic or plagal.

A

Jephthah (HANDEL).

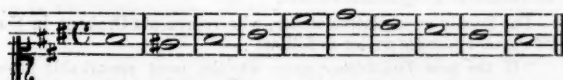




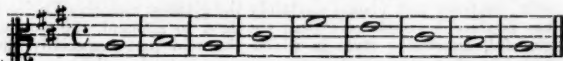
4. Write a fugue in two parts on the following subject. State whether the subject be real or tonal. The fugue to include entries of the answer or subject, or else of a portion of either, in the keys of C and B flat minor, and A flat, E flat, and D flat major, in whatever order of succession the writer may prefer; and to comprise also a stretto. Figure the bass throughout.



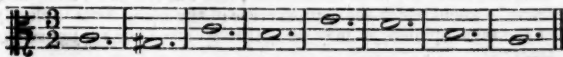
5. Write counterpoint of the First Species, for first soprano (not treble) above, and for alto, tenor, and bass below the following subject, each in its proper clef. The score to consist of five parts. Figure the bass.



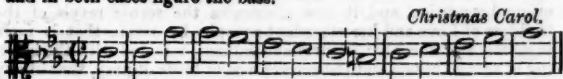
6. Write counterpoint of the Third Species above, and of the Fourth Species below the following subject. The score to consist of three parts. Figure the bass.



7. Write counterpoint of the Fifth Species for soprano above the following subject. The score to consist of two parts. Also write counterpoint of the Fifth Species for bass below the same subject. The score to consist of two parts. Figure the bass (i.e., the lower part) in each instance. Both counterpoints must exemplify the arbitrary alterations of the minor scale.



8. Write a florid double counterpoint in the 8th upon this fragment. Show the counterpoint both above and below the subject, and in both cases figure the bass.



(To be continued.)

THE second and last performance of the *Damnation de Faust*, under the direction of M. Hallé, is announced for this evening in St. James's Hall.

MR FRANK THOMAS, second son of Mr Lewis Thomas, and a highly promising young musician, is appointed organist and choir-master at Bromley Church, Kent.

MR W. A. BARNETT has been acting as assistant inspector of music at the Training Colleges in England and Scotland for the last three months, during the indisposition of Mr John Hullah. A worthier substitute could not have been appointed.—*Graphic*.

AT the fourth and last of Mr F. H. Cowen's "Saturday Orchestral Concerts" (Nov. 18), his new Symphony in C minor will be the principal attraction. If it turns out as good as his first, in the same key, there will be much reason for satisfaction; if better, still more. The highest hopes are everywhere entertained about the future of this young and gifted musician.

FLORENCE.—Marino Mancinelli will conduct both at the Pagliano and the Pergola.—A new theatrical journal *Lo Staffile*—with a dramatic agency attached—has appeared.—A mass by Professor Casamorata, President of the Royal Institute of Music, was performed at the funeral of Baron Ricasoli in the church of Santa Croce.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A GERMAN provincial manager enquired of a celebrated *prima donna* on what terms she would sing in his theatre. "Two-thirds of the receipts," was the reply. "Good Heavens, Madam!" exclaimed the manager—astonied—"in my theatre we have never taken so much!"

WRITING in the *Erzgebirgs-Zeitung*, with reference to the wandering harp-girls in the *Erzgebirge*, Eduard Heger traces them back to Ignaz Walter, from 1776 to 1792 burgomaster of Pressnitz in Bohemia, and nicknamed on account of his love for the harp, which he played admirably, "King David." Walter transmitted his skill to his godson, Isidor Richter, and the latter handed it down to his first cousin, Elizabeth Haug, but the three played only for amusement. It was Anna Görner, a pupil of Elizabeth Haug's, who, being in great distress, first conceived the notion of turning her accomplishments into a means of livelihood. She went to the fair at Leipais and from her agreeable singing was christened the "Singress Annamiedl." The satisfactory results of her visit impelled others to learn the harp, while the scarcity in 1805, and still more the great fire at Pressnitz in 1811, by which so many families were left homeless and without bread, combined with the desolation occasioned by the war in 1813, and with the failure of the crops and consequent famine in the immediately ensuing years, brought the practice of peripatetic harp-playing more and more into favour, especially as the girls who had tried the experimental-ways brought a good sum back with them. The fame of the Pressnitz harp-girls spread even beyond the limits of Europe. The success achieved caused the authorities to take a mild view of many offences, but in 1835 they were compelled to adopt severe measures. The diminution in the wages for lace-manufacture induced the young girls of other localities to go about singing and playing, and, though the profits have considerably decreased, the companies of wandering harpists are still very numerous, but good solo players rare.

THE DOOM OF THE SHIP.

A gallant ship put out from port,
Mid shouts, and smiles, and tears;
The laughing winds its canvas caught,
And every rope was strained and taut,
And hence with woman's fears!
The sailors blessed the freshening breeze,
And onward, onward o'er the seas,
With dancing prow and towering mast,
And white sails bellying to the blast,
The ship sped fair, and free, and fast,
Its haven ever nears.
Three ringing cheers the sailors gave,
Nor cast a look behind,
And "Welcome!" cried the dancing wave,
And "Welcome!" cried the wind.
And the sun sank down, and the ship was gone,
And wives and mothers were left to mourn.

The Storm-fiend marked its course, and sped
With howl, and cry, and moan;
The sun went down, mid clouds blood-red,
In ruddy glory to its bed,
And the ship sailed on alone;
Alone, in dull and threatening light,
No other sail was there in sight.

As the white-topped waves leapt high and higher,
And the storm behind came close and dire,
The ship sailed on in a sea of fire,
As Hell through ocean shone.

The Storm-fiend swept o'er the fretting wave,
And scourged the spurning sea;
And "Welcome to your unknown grave"
With blustering shout laughed he.

And the sun leapt up, and the sea was lone,
And wives and mothers were left to moan.

LESSER EGG.

Mr Henry Holmes, one of our leading English violinists and a favourite pupil of Spohr, is about to settle in the United States.

CONCERT.

MR JOHN CROSS began his Monday evening concerts at the Holborn Town Hall, on Monday, with a very good attendance. The singers, in addition to Mr Cross, were Mmes Norman-Stuart (Miss Rose Stuart), Edith Murray, and Mary Cummings, MM. Odoardo Barri, Frank Ward, and Florian Horner. The pianist was Mr Edward Morton, the violinist Mr Frank Arnold, the organist Mr H. Collingwood Banks. Mme Stuart's most effective performances were "Angels ever bright and fair," after which she was twice "called," and Ganz's "Sing, sweet bird," which won her an encore. Mme Cummings had to repeat F. H. Cowen's "Better land" and Pissuti's "Dream of two worlds." Mr John Cross found no less favour in Odoardo Barri's "My little sweetheart"; Mr Ward pleased greatly in Sullivan's "Thou'rt passing hence," and Mr Barri was encored in "Tom Bowling." Mr Arnold's talent was well exhibited in a Ballade and Polonaise by Vieuxtemps, as was that of Mr Banks in an organ solo ("Gavotte of Louis XIII."), by Ghys. Sig. Randegger's popular trio, "I Naviganti," was effectively given by Mme Murray, Messrs Cross and Ward, and the concert (Mr Cross's first venture of the kind) afforded general satisfaction. Mr F. Sewell Southgate, by the way, was an excellent accompanist.

PROVINCIAL.

GLoucester.—The first concert of the season took place in the Shire Hall on Friday, the 26th ult. The audience was large and appreciative. The most interesting feature was the re-opening of the organ, which has been under repair for months. Under the skilful hands of Mr W. Parratt, Mus. Bac., of Magdalen College, Oxford, the instrument realised all expectations. The solo vocalist was Miss Beata Francis, who gave several songs with charming effect, receiving an encore for "With verdure clad." Mr G. R. Sinclair acted as accompanist, and Mr C. H. Lloyd as conductor. The proceeds of the concert were devoted to the organ fund.—*Gloucester Standard*, Dec. 4.

HULL.—Last night Mr Walter Cecil Macfarren delivered a lecture to a crowded audience, in the Royal Institution, on "The Classics of the Pianoforte—Haydn to Beethoven." Mr Macfarren gave a history of the pianoforte through all its various stages of progress, and recounted many interesting facts and data in connection with its chief inventors and perfectors. Briefly reviewing the lives and productions of the most eminent musical composers for the pianoforte, he made some critical remarks on their best-known compositions, pointing out the beauties and merits of each. Amongst these were Joseph Haydn (1732-1809), Daniel Steibelt (1755-1823), Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-91), Johann Ludwig Dussek (1761-1812), John Baptist Cramer (1771-1857), and Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827). In illustration of his remarks Mr Macfarren played examples from each, in such a manner as fully to convey their meaning, loud applause demonstrating the entire satisfaction of his hearers. The selections included many of the most admired examples, such as the *Rondo Pastorale* (Dussek), a sonata and sonata quasi-fantasia (Beethoven), Variations in F minor and major (Haydn), Study in E flat (Steibelt), Rondo in A minor (Mozart), and Studies in E minor and D (Cramer). The satisfaction evinced by the audience with Mr Macfarren's musical talent was shown in the hearty manner with which the remarks of the chairman (Mr R. M. Craven, president of the Literary and Philosophical Association) were endorsed. The "Broadwood Grand" used by the lecturer was from the establishment of Messrs Gough and Davy.—*Eastern Morning News*, Dec. 1.

[On the evening following Mr Macfarren resumed his lecture, the composers dwelt upon this time ranging from Weber and Schubert to Mendelssohn and Sterndale Bennett.—*From a correspondent*, Dec. 3.]

A CANDID OPINION.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—At the Crystal Palace Concert on Saturday the Symphony of Goetz, in F major, was magnificently played, under the direction of Mr August Manns. Nevertheless, it does not gain on nearer acquaintance. After Sterndale Bennett's clear and transparent overture, *The Naiads*, the orchestration of Goetz reminded one of something like a band in a fog. Yours obediently,

A CANDID OPINIONIST.

The Vice-Regal Theatre, Cairo, opened for the season with *Les Mousquetaires au Convent*.

MISS BESSIE RICHARDS.

By her performance of Mozart's Concerto in D major at Mr Cowen's last Saturday Orchestral Concert, this rising young English pianist, to judge from the opinions expressed in various quarters, amateur and professional, has made an important step in advance. A highly competent musical critic in the *Standard* writes as under:—

"The Concerto for pianoforte, in D, of Mozart, though throwing no new light upon the powers of the master, is a melodious inspiration from beginning to end—clear as daylight in construction, and written with that pure regard for beauty in idea and expression which appears in all his works. The date of the composition is 1784, during which year Mozart wrote no fewer than half-a-dozen works of this class, and it seems to have been written for a series of Subscription Concerts held at Vienna in the Spring. About the second (in B flat) and the third (in D) of the six concertos, the composer writing to his father, says, characteristically enough:—'I take them both to be concertos that will make the player warm.' How wonderfully things musical have changed in a century.—(Ja wohl!—Dr. Blüthge).—Modern pianists would estimate the D major concerto as quite an easy task. It is pleasing to find, however, that we have some performers whose artistic instincts are superior to their desire of personal display, and that Miss Bessie Richards is one of them. Miss Richards has mastered all schools of music. She played with taste and brilliancy, and achieved a legitimate success."

The keenly appreciative writer, who represents Orpheus in the *St James's Gazette* writes as follows:—

"If the new *Tannhäuser* scene was the most remarkable piece in Saturday's programme, the most beautiful, was beyond doubt Mozart's concerto, for pianoforte and orchestra, in D—also announced as "for the first time in England," though, as a matter of fact, it was performed many years ago by Sterndale Bennett. That admirable composer and pianist (certainly the greatest musician England has produced) would have been the first to applaud, the simple, graceful, expressive style in which the solo part—especially the song-like slow movement—was given on Saturday night by Miss Bessie Richards. Of the general applause with which the concerto was received a good part was no doubt due to the work itself, a work melodious throughout with the sort of melody that any one having "ears to hear" can appreciate. It was played to perfection—and that counts for no little."

With every word of the foregoing we agree, even with the assertion that "the most remarkable piece was the new *Tannhäuser* scene"—about which the learned critic of the *Daily News* is clearly of the same opinion, as may be gathered from the subjoined extract:—

"The third speciality of the concert was the music of the scene of the 'Venusberg' from Wagner's opera, *Tannhäuser*, as re-written by him. The new version of this scene is greatly extended from its original condition, and it now illustrates the scenic revels of the Goddess of Love and her attendant nymphs by music that is more suggestive of the fury of drunken ruffians, mingled with the howling of savage beasts and the screechings of birds of prey, than of any such poetical associations as those which properly belong to the legend. Towards the close, it is true, the prevailing effects subside into what are intended for strains of reposeful blandishment, but have a large amount of maundering insipidity."

With every word of which we also most cordially agree. Be cheem! O by Abb's! O by Adnan!

MIDLE SARAH BERNHARDT'S engagement at Booth's Theatre, New York, closed on Saturday evening last. Her manager, Mr Abbey, says that although his expenses have been large his profits have been satisfactory. The houses have always been good, but, good as they have been, he expects to do even better business with Middle Bernhardt in Boston and elsewhere. The advance sale of tickets in Boston amounts to \$40,000. In Philadelphia, where Middle Bernhardt will also appear, there has also been a great demand for tickets for her performances. Over 25,000 people went to see her whilst she was at Booth's. The heaviest night's receipts were \$7,000 and the least \$3,000. The ticket speculators have made small fortunes by her visit. Middle Bernhardt was enthusiastically applauded on Saturday evening. She left for Boston on Sunday at ten o'clock p.m., accompanied by Mr Abbey, and opened in the Park Theatre there on Monday.—*The Parisian*, Dec. 9.

BRUSSELS.

(Correspondence.)

Guillaume Tell was performed on the 27th ult., and *Quentin Durward* is in preparation, the rehearsals being conducted by M. Gevaert himself. Neither trouble nor expense is to be spared in mounting the piece.—Some time since, an agreement was concluded between the Société de Musique and the Société des Concerts Populaires to give a series of concerts together, but it was nearly leading to no practical result. For a few years past, Government had granted 1,000 francs to the first, and 4,000 to the second society, and was still willing to continue the monstrous extravagance on condition that a delegate of the Ministry should control the accounts of the societies, and have a voice in the programmes. These conditions were declined, and it seemed as though the scheme would fall to the ground, when Government relented, and without stipulation of any kind agrees to go on wasting the public money in the same reckless and unauthorized unprincipled manner. The following interesting question is proposed by the Royal Academy of Belgium for the competitive examination of 1882:—"What was the kind of music executed during the 15th and 16th centuries by the bands of musicians in the pay of municipal magistrates, reigning princes, and trade guilds, especially in the Belgian provinces? What was the instrumental composition of such bands? What was the cause of the total disappearance of the music written for them?" (The only man to answer this non-perfunctorily is Jules de Glimes—to whom "a happy Christmas!"—Dr Blüdt.)

LEIPZIG.—Haydn's Symphony (No. 13 in Breitkopf and Härtel's edition) and Schumann's No. 1, B flat major, were played at the Seventh Gewandhaus Concert, under Reinecke's direction, the audience insisting on hearing the *finale* of Haydn's over again. Albert Schröder, member of the band and brother of Carl Schröder, was much applauded in Davidoff's Fourth Violoncello Concerto, though the work itself would have gone better with a few more rehearsals.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The first concert of the new season drew a full, if not crowded, audience to St James's Hall. The programme comprised Beethoven's First Mass, Mendelssohn's chaste and exquisite setting of the "Lauda Sion," and the fragments from the same composer's unfinished oratorio, *Christus*—a selection both varied and interesting. The diminution in the numerical force of the chorus and orchestra was not only unavoidable in the new locality, but, as many are disposed to think, a clear advantage. Sir Michael Costa, who received the welcome so justly his due, has laboured his utmost to retain the most capable singers, and to make his orchestra as complete and efficient as possible. More, nevertheless, might be effected with regard to the instrumental department, in which the amateur element is still, in some instances, superfluously prominent. The performance for the most part, however, was excellent, and the "300" singers and players who found suitable accommodation in St James's Hall, gave no cause to regret the formidable "700" ("with fifteen double-basses"), who used to make the walls of the larger edifice in the Strand reverberate again and again, till the heads of contemplative amateurs began to ache under the influence of reiterated shocks. There is nothing to add to what has been often said about the works chosen for this occasion, unless it be a word of deep regret that an oratorio bearing such promise as is shown in the fragments of *Christus* should have been left unfinished, and thus a more than probable rival to the *Matthew Passion* of Bach, and Handel's *Messiah* itself, be lost to the world. The solo vocalists, in the Mass and "Lauda Sion," were Mrs Osgood, Miss M. Hancock, Messrs H. Guy and F. King—Mr Chaplin Henry taking part with the two gentlemen just named, in the impressive trio of the "Wise Men," immediately following the recitative with which *Christus* so tranquilly opens. All did their best. Mrs Osgood, the popular American soprano, won fresh laurels, Mr Henry Guy, the young and rising English tenor, especially distinguishing himself by his delivery of the recitatives that separate chorus from chorus in the scene of the arraignment of Jesus before Pilate. As examples of choral singing, "There shall a star from Jacob come forth," and "Daughters of Zion," each in its style such a masterpiece as no composer of our time could approach, may be commended without reserve. The leading violin in the orchestra was M. Sainton—for many a long year Sir Michael Costa's right hand man. Of course the performance was ushered in by the National Anthem.

SLAVE DRIVER ON THE BRAIN.

Let's have a little game, and make believe, Matilda Jane,
Now you shall be a seamstress; for I've seamstress on the brain
Since reading of the Preston man, that enterprising snip
Whom Nature has so well designed to wield the slaver's whip.

And I will be the gentleman you serve for bread and cheese
(The tailor, or the draper, or the slaver—which you please),
And I will make you labour till you cannot move or speak
For slight remuneration—say a halfpenny a week.

Just train yourself, Matilda Jane, for feats that cannot fail,
In thoroughly eclipsing those performances of Gale;
Don't titter now, Matilda Jane; let laughter be restrained;
And let us now consider you are adequately trained.

Now stand upon a single leg—(it doesn't matter which)—
In some distressing attitude; and now begin to stitch;
Remember, this performance, Jane, will tax your utmost powers:
You have to stitch without a hitch for thirty-seven howers.

Now don't begin to fidget, Jane; and don't begin to fret;
For, bless my soul, you haven't worked a dozen hours as yet.
Do persevere, Matilda Jane; for (if you're still alive)
You'll work for many hours as yet—another twenty-five.

Now don't begin to snivel, Jane; and don't begin to weep;
And hi! You must perform the task; you mustn't go to sleep;
Allow me to inform you—though there shouldn't be the need—
Your health's of less importance than my avaricious greed.

I tell you NO, Matilda Jane; you haven't time to snip;
I'll dance around and jeer you, which perhaps will keep you up;
Besides, you must remember that the papers every day
Report your great performance in the most attentive way.

Remember how delightful their remarks will be to con!
"Matilda Jane is jaded, but is gamely plodding on;
Last night at 1-11-8 there still remained to do,
To finish, 27-37-52."

Eh? What? "Your bones are aching, and your fingers very sore,"
No doubt, and very likely; your complaints are quite a bore;
To all appeals for mercy I'm as deaf as any stone;
I have to make a fortune, if I wear you to the bone.

What's this? Your other leg's gone down; your nimble needle's stopped;
I said you wouldn't do it, Jane. You haven't. You have dropped.
It's happened, as you'll notice, Jane, exactly as I said:
You're limp and flat upon the mat, and very nearly dead.

When you can fail, who're big and hale, and strong as any horse:
When this affair can thus impair and sap your vital force,
It may explain, Matilda Jane, her agonies and tears
Who'd known the sun for only one beyond a dozen years.

Fun.

MAGDEBOURG.—Of Wagner's *Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, lately produced at the Stadttheater, there were no less than 1,790 rehearsals, namely: 790 for the principals; 800 for the chorus; 40 general; 30 for the carpenters; and 170 for the band. (It is believed that at least 100,000 rehearsals will be required for *Parsifal*.—Dr Blüdt.)

HENRI REBER.—The death of Henri Napoleon Reber has deprived France of a composer whose works have by no means received the consideration which is their due, either in his own country or elsewhere. He had, for many years led a comparatively secluded life, occupying himself assiduously, nevertheless, in composition. Besides comic operas, the most successful of which were *La Nuit de Noël* and *Le Père Gaillard*, he wrote four orchestral symphonies, and seven trios for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, besides many popular songs and a much-esteemed *Treatise on Harmony*. Born at Mulhouse, in 1807, Reber was in his seventy-fourth year when he died. A pupil of Lesueur's, at the Conservatoire, he succeeded Onslow, in 1853, as member of the Institute, and ten years later was elected to the Professorship of Composition, left vacant by the death of Fromental Halévy, composer of *La Juive*, &c. His funeral obsequies were celebrated, on the 27th ult., at the Protestant Church in the Rue Roquépine, and, like so many of his distinguished compatriots before him, he was buried in the cemetery of Père Lachaise. In deference to his own expressed wish, no oration was pronounced over his grave; but the funeral was attended by a large number of brother musicians, who looked upon him as a friend, master, and worthy representative of their national art.—D. P.

BEETHOVEN'S LATER YEARS.*

SURSUM CORDA!

We quitted Beethoven at the period when the wound inflicted on his heart by Theresa Malfatti was beginning to be cicatrised over by the soothing and affectionate hand of Bettina Brentano. To recover full possession of himself, all he had now to do was to plunge into the sonorous waves of melody, which he had too long deserted to pursue the deceptive mirage of an impossible passion. This healthy baptism gave him back his strength and his genius. His soul, being at peace, soared once more to the regions of the Ideal, where he winged his flight without an effort, and to those ethereal spheres whence it never descended without wounding and lacerating itself against the asperities of real life.

The "*Sursum corda*" destined to rescue Beethoven from his melancholy and restore him to the art of which he was the glory, came from Pesth, the ancient city of the Magyars. A large theatre was in course of erection there, and it was proposed to open it on the 4th October, 1811, so as to celebrate in a becoming manner the Emperor Francis' birthday. The inaugural programme included a lyrical prologue, a drama taken from Hungarian history, and a sort of allegorical and musical piece, like the prologue, to terminate the entertainment. The organizers of the scheme applied first to Henry de Collin, but the latter mistrusted his powers and declined the task. Kotzebue took advantage of Collin's scruples, and, relying on his own inexhaustible fecundity, accepted without hesitation. He proposed then and there the subjects for three pieces. *King Stephen* for the prologue, *The Ruins of Athens* to finish the entertainment, and *The Flight of King Bela* for a national drama. The last subject, however, was declined, and, of a truth, it seemed rather ill-advised to select it, when we reflect that, in the short space of five years, the Emperor Francis had on two occasions found himself under the hard necessity of leaving his capital before the invasion of French armies.

Kotzebue quickly completed his task and lost no time in handing over the MSS. of *King Stephen* and *The Ruins of Athens* to Beethoven, who had been chosen as his musical colleague. The two pieces are somewhat sorry lucubrations. Kotzebue, as Marx ingeniously expressed it, was a Midas reversed. The celebrated King of Phrygia was endowed with the power of changing into gold all he touched; Kotzebue converted into vapid and vulgar prose the most poetical subjects, the instant he took them in hand.

The subject of *King Stephen*, or the first Benefactor of Hungary, is tolerably supportable. It is an episode from the life of Saint Stephen, the real founder of the Arpad dynasty. For this legend Beethoven wrote an overture, a triumphal march, six choruses, and some melo-dramatic music. With regard to the symbolical fable of *The Ruins of Athens*, it is distressingly puerile. Let the reader judge for himself from a summary analysis. Envious of his wisdom, Minerva does not protect Socrates from the iniquity of his judges. As a punishment, Jupiter sentences her to sleep for 2,000 years. Amid a savage district, in the recesses of a devastated cave, she lies buried in lethargic slumber, like Brunnhilde, the Valkyre, behind her rampart of flame. But the hour of her awakening has struck. Mysterious voices recall her to life, and Mercury, despatched by the Master of the Gods, comes to announce that the period of expiation is at an end. Scarcely has she recovered her senses ere she speeds off to Athens. But how is her heart wrung with grief! Her favourite city has lost its ancient splendour, and the whole of Greece is nothing more than a heap of ruins, submerged beneath the invading waves of the sectaries of Mahomet. Struck to the soul by the sight, she thinks of going to seek an asylum in Rome, but Mercury saves her the useless journey, by informing her that the old Latin city, like Athens, has become the prey of barbarians. The Muses, in affright, have fled from the inhospitable soil and sought a refuge—who would ever have thought it?—in the city of Pesth. So, to the Hungarian capital, on the banks of the Danube, we are transported at the signal given by the stage-carpenter's whistle. In the midst of a splendid triumphal procession, the cars of Thalia and Melpomene are beheld advancing, and the statues of the two goddesses are placed upon an altar.

* From *Le Ménestrel*.

Suddenly, however, the lightning flashes through the sky, the thunder crashes, and, amid the hubbub of the tempest, Jupiter announces his will by the mouth of his High Priest: the bust of the Emperor must also be placed on the altar. This wish of the Master of the Gods is too flattering for any hesitation to be manifested in carrying it out; the statue of the sovereign soon rises between Thalia and Melpomene, and the curtain falls while the smoke of incense and the multi-coloured hues of Bengal fires envelop the Emperor in the brilliancy of an apotheosis. It would be impossible to imagine anything more vapid and more ridiculous, and it certainly needed all Beethoven's genius not to be wrecked on so grotesque a scenarium; but who would be so ill-advised as to dwell on these trifles, when he gives himself up to the whirling intoxication of the chorus of Dervishes; when he hears the march of Janissaries, with its coquettish colouring, or the stately flourishes of the triumphal procession! One thing surprises me, and that is that a man with such a literary mind as Mendelssohn should have been mistaken as to the literary value of Kotzebue's lucubration. According to Henry Chorley, who travelled about in Switzerland with him, Mendelssohn held this stupid fable in high esteem. One day that the two companions were discussing the value of operalibrettos, Mendelssohn said: "We have not in all Germany a single poet capable of writing a good scenario for a lyric drama. Ah! if Kotzebue were only alive! He, at least, had ideas!" He then proceeded to praise *The Ruins of Athens*, "a simple occasional piece, for which the poet invented so simple and yet so ingenious a plan." "But there is no help for it," he added. "As Kotzebue is no longer here, I must be contented with Geibel's *Loreley*. The poor fellow has taken all kinds of trouble with the book." Then, in a fit of melancholy, and with a presentiment of his approaching end, he buried his head in his hands, and uttered the prophetic words: "But what good is it to make projects; I shall not live to carry them out."

(To be continued.)

IMPROMPTU.

ON SCHILLING'S GROUP,
"The Dead and Dying!"*

'Tis only just a little group in chisel'd stone,
But Genius o'er its tale of strife and peace hath thrown
The light divine that is her own!

A stricken charger, writhing on a battle plain,
Whose crumpled limbs, bow'd crest, and dank, earth-trailing
mane,

All tell the throes of mortal pain.

The dying rider leans upheld on Azrael's breast,
While that soft kiss upon his paling lips is prest,
That lulleth him to perfect rest—

Near these, a hero, dead, half couch'd upon the ground,
Half rais'd on Azrael's arm, that folding him around,
Layeth a palm leaf o'er his wound!

This was just all—but other pathos, power and grace,
That mantled either form and lived on either face,
Genius alone could ever trace!

Before the perfect sadness, and sad perfectness
Of all the pain—before the peace, than full, no less!
As Life receives Death's soft caress.

Before the lustre LOVE o'er just the whole hath thrown,
My pulse-stirr'd heart its homage deep lays humbly down—
Heart-throbs for genius, form sweet crown!

* Copyright.

A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

ROME.—The Teatro Costanzi was inaugurated on the 27th November, the King and Queen being present. The building is very beautiful, and acoustically all that can be desired. The proprietor (Costanzi) and the architect (Sfondrini), the objects of repeated "ovations," were summoned into the Royal box to receive the congratulation of their majesties. Sig. Brugnoli, the "decorator," had also his share of public approbation. The orchestra, like that at Bayreuth, is invisible; but opinions differ as to the worth of this innovation. Objection is raised, moreover, to the prices of admission, which, it is probable, may eventually be lowered.

VIENNA.

(Correspondence.)

The unexpected and violent attack made by Ludwig Spiedel, the well-known critic of the *Fremdenblatt*, upon Hans Richter, as an orchestral conductor, has led to a hearty demonstration on the part of his many zealous advocates. On his appearance at the second Philharmonic Concert, Herr Richter met with a recognition so enthusiastic that, great public favourite as he has always been, he is not likely to forget. The laurel wreaths, and other floral emblems, literally showered upon him, were but appropriate symbols of the honours he has earned as a labourer in the field of art whose worth is generally acknowledged. That Herr Richter may long live to wear them is the unanimously expressed hope of his musical compatriots. At this concert the distinguished French pianist, M^{me} Montigny-Rémaury, made her first appearance before a Viennese audience, and, with her performance of Beethoven's first pianoforte concerto (C major), achieved a brilliant success. Dr. Hanslick, in the *Neue Freie Presse*, speaks of her in flattering terms, and his opinion is echoed by the critics of other influential journals. Miss Emma Thursby, the New York soprano, so well known in London and Paris, has also made a sensible impression in the Austrian capital, at a concert given under her name, in the rooms of the Musical Association. Miss Thursby gave examples of her ability in various styles, ancient and modern, from Mozart's fine concert *scena*, "Mia speranza adorata," to the "Echollie" of the late Carl Eckert—to say nothing of what separated one from the other—winning the most spontaneous demonstrations of sympathy. The Vienna concert-season has begun with more than ordinary activity.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—We beg once more to inform our many correspondents who take a curious interest in the future of the Philharmonic Society, that an exact account both of its actual position and its hopes for the future will appear in the *Musical World* at the proper time—and not before.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The brief extra season, directed with so much spirit by Mr. Armit, comes to an end this evening, with a second performance of Wallace's *Maritana*, about the successful production of which in an Italian dress we must defer speaking till next week, in a general review of what has been actually accomplished.

The annual meeting of the London Gregorian Choral Association was held on Thursday night at Sion College, the president, Earl Beauchamp, in the chair, supported by the Rev. Thomas Helmore, H. W. Miller, Mr. F. B. Baker, Mr. C. Warwick Jordan, Dr. Monk, Mr. S. Nottingham, and others known in the musical world. The association is in a flourishing condition. It held for the first time a festival service in Westminster Abbey, and since then, three in St. Paul's Cathedral, where frequent practices were held by permission of Dean and Chapter. The Rev. H. Walter Miller, Mus. Bac., Oxon (son of the late Canon Miller), gave a lecture on plain chant.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—The return of M^{me} Norman-Néruda, "Queen of the Fiddle," has been welcomed by Mr. Arthur Chappell's constant patrons with becoming enthusiasm. On Saturday afternoon the accomplished Moravian led Schumann's first quartet, and for her solo performance chose the D minor Sonata of F. W. Rüst, after the published "arrangement" of Ferdinand David, for whom Mendelssohn expressly composed his violin concerto. In both of these she was near perfection; but on Monday night she may be said to have excelled herself, in one of the finest of Mozart's compositions—the quartet in D minor—No. 2 of the series of six dedicated to his friend, and at that time only rival, Joseph Haydn. The *minuetto* and *trio* of this she was compelled to repeat. M^{me} Néruda was never more completely mistress of her exceptional means, never played with more graceful expression, purer tone, or mechanism more absolutely faultless. At Saturday's concert the seat at the pianoforte was worthily occupied by that zealous and talented artist, Miss Agnes Zimmermann, who selected, for solo, the *Rondo alla Mazur* of Chopin—an early, little known, and not very remarkable work of the gifted Polish musician. Better executed, however, it could hardly have been. In Rheinberger's E flat quartet for pianoforte and stringed instruments, Miss Zimmermann enjoyed the valuable co-operation of M^{me} Néruda, Mr. Zerbini, and Signor Piatti. With such performers

and such a performance the composer himself, had he been present, would surely have expressed unqualified satisfaction. On Monday night M^{lle} Janotha, again the pianist, gave the *Fantasia* in F sharp minor, inscribed to Moscheles (*Sonata Ecossaise*, as it was originally styled by the author), with such vigour and brilliancy that, as usual, she was called back, and, with her accustomed good (at times too good) nature, entertained her hearers with another piece. She also joined M^{me} Néruda, MM. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti in Schumann's E flat quintet for pianoforte and strings—a highly-spirited climax. At Saturday's concert the singer was Mr. Santley, on Monday night, Mr. Frederick King, the accompanist on both occasions being Mr. Zerbini.

MARIA DI GAND.—Although Sig. Tito Mattei's new opera, *Maria di Gand*, has been criticised from more than one point of view, the expression of opinion generally cannot be regarded as favourable. The libretto of Sig. Cimino has met with scant approval from even the most indulgent pens; while from others less chary it has had to encounter, if not unqualified disapproval, something worse, in the shape of ill-disguised ridicule. Certainly the plot out of which it is evolved deserves no more lenient doom. Incidents and characters, moreover, are borrowed from Victorien Sardou's well-known drama, *Patrie*, and, it must be admitted, by no means improved by their passage from the dramatic to the lyric stage, the modifications resorted to by Sig. Cimino being (the changes of names included) clearly modifications for the worse. Enough, that whatever may be the case with the French play, not one of the *dramatis personæ* in the Italian libretto, with the exception of the self-sacrificing Anna, is calculated to inspire the smallest sympathy. This is to be regretted, inasmuch as, though nowhere original, there is very considerable merit in the score of Sig. Mattei, whose music, while belonging to no particular school (or "style"), and reminding the reader continually of things heard many times before, from various sources, chiefly modern, is extremely well written, both for voices and instruments (at moments somewhat too ostentatiously for the latter), and has a vigorous spirit about it which tells its own story. In fact, if wanting in that instinct of balance and coherence indispensable to the successful conduct of a grand lyric drama, so far as mere details are concerned, it everywhere shows the hand of a skilled practitioner. Sig. Mattei would, we think, have done better had he commenced his public career as an operatic composer with a less pretentious book to set. The character of the heroine, Maria di Gand (the Dolores of M. Sardou), is assigned to Mad. Zacchi, who sustains it thoroughly well, both in a vocal and dramatic sense; that of her deceived husband, Giorgio di Gand (Count Rysoor of the original), by Sig. Aldighieri, equally competent in his way; Ricardo Orley (Karloo van der Noot) finds an earnest representative in the versatile Sig. Runcio; and the subordinate parts—Anna (Maria's confidante), Andrea van Heysen (a half-drunken, half-idiotic messenger, whose *raison d'être* is difficult to explain), the Duke d'Alva (Periah "Alba"—Dr. Blinge)—a very subordinate part as it stands, considering the historical importance of that bigoted and ruthless enemy of "heretics"—and Marco, the Spanish Captain of Sardou's play—are more or less efficiently supported by M^{lle} Barnadelli, Signora Bonetti, Pro, and Ordinas. The opera is, in all respects, effectively placed upon the stage; and the band and chorus (under the direction of Sig. Mattei, who does wisely to conduct his own work, seeing that the *bâton* comes easily to his hands), may be commended for zeal and general efficiency. *Maria di Gand* has been thrice repeated, each time with flattering applause.—*Graphic*.

BADEN-BADEN (GERMANY).—The Cur-Comité intends to give eight Subscription Concerts during the winter months, in which several distinguished foreign artists, vocal and instrumental, will appear. The great Symphonies of the acknowledged "classical" masters will be performed, together with modern compositions of merit. The acknowledged excellence of the Cur-Capelle, under the direction of its conductor, Herr M. Koennemann, is ample guarantee of good performances. The daily concerts now taking place at the Conversations-House, are always attractive. An interesting concert took place on Tuesday, Nov. 16, when among other works the overture to *Uriel Acosta* (Schindeldeisser), a duet from *Beatrice and Benedict* (Berlioz), concert-overture, *Rübezahl* (C. Oberthür), and the *finale* from Rossini's *Moïse*.

BRIGHTON AQUARIUM.

The directors of this popular place of instruction and amusement have recently taken a step which must command the approval of all who desire the progress of musical culture and the advancement of artistic taste. Since the appointment, as conductor, of Mr Corder, late Mendelssohn scholar, it has been obvious that, having at command the nucleus of an orchestra and the services of an educated musician, the directors need only go a little further in order to raise, in a practical form, the question whether the Aquarium could not be made—like the Crystal Palace, if, at first, *longo intervallo*—the home of "Saturday Concerts." Upon this venture they at length determined, and a first series of four concerts, to be supplemented by a performance of *The Messiah*, is now progressing.

[You see, my Francis, that, in spite of your interdiction, the old *Messiah* cannot be left out. Elijah, too, will, ere long, put in an appearance. Don't be angry.—Brown.]

In judging what has already been done, various considerations require attention. The experienced eye, for example, sees at once that the directors, however much bent on enterprise, combined with their determination the "frugal maid" that so eminently distinguished Mrs John Gilpin. They have not, it is clear, rushed into unnecessary expense as regards the number and quality of the performers engaged to supplement those regularly employed. Indeed, we may go so far as to think that a small additional outlay would have secured a much more satisfactory test, and removed any suspicion that failure—should failure supervene—arose from unwise economy. As matters actually stand, Mr Corder conducts on Saturday afternoons an orchestra neither without good qualities nor incapable of good effects, but, at the same time, one that the directors should augment and improve in fairness to their own project, and as an absolutely needful investment. To this end they have, so far, received ample encouragement from the public. At the first concert, the hall of the Aquarium, now comfortably enclosed, was crowded, while the audience on Saturday last were scarcely less numerous. Indeed, it may be expected that the first series will involve no loss, and what that means, when orchestral concerts are concerned, few amateurs need telling. But, even should the pecuniary result prove unfavourable, it may be anticipated that the directors will not consider the matter settled against them. A public such as they are aiming to secure cannot be got together in a month, nor in several months, and an early abandonment of a scheme begun amid unquestionable sympathy would only cover its projectors with ridicule. Great care will have to be shown in the musical management of the new enterprise, but, looking on the two programmes already put forward, we only think it needful to caution Mr Corder against undue ambition and against supposing that his own peculiar tastes are those most in favour with the mass of the public. Like many young English musicians who have been educated in Germany, he leans strongly towards such contemporary composers as most widely depart from the manner and spirit of their great predecessors. For him, personally, this may be all very well, but we are full sure that orchestral concerts cannot yet be established amongst us with young musical Germany as any material part of the foundation. We ought, perhaps, to regard the fact as a misfortune, but it is none the less a fact on that account, and persons who cater for our taste should have it well in mind. We consider, therefore, as essentially unwise the choice of Raff's symphony *Leonore*, and Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll* on Saturday last. They wearied those among the audience who were not active-minded enough to wonder what the music was all about, and they were, moreover, considerably beyond the present means of the orchestra. On other points we have no criticism to offer—nothing but applause for a manifest aim at a high standard and a resolve to tolerate nothing unworthy.

The notable features in the first concert were Sterndale Bennett's beautiful overture *The Naiads*, Mendelssohn's concerto for violin and orchestra, and Beethoven's C minor Symphony. To M. Saindon fell the honour of performing the solo in Mendelssohn's work, and right well he discharged the task, despite the misfortune of a broken string. The veteran artist won cordial applause, further distinguishing himself, not less as composer than as executant, in a melodious "Romance" and spirited "Tarantelle." With the three classics named above was given the ballet music from Mr Corder's opera, *Morte d'Arthur*. This, it will be remembered, had a hearing at the Crystal Palace in 1879, and then obtained cordial appreciation as indicative of exceptional ability. The main features of the second concert have already been indicated, and we need only add that Mr Kuhe played Mendelssohn's G minor concerto to the loudly expressed

satisfaction of the audience, and that Mrs Osgood sang Spohr's "Rose softly blooming" charmingly. The remaining concerts of the series will be watched with interest, and, we are sure, with a general desire that classical music may set up a home on Brighton beach.—D. T.

WAIFS.

Emma Wizjak is singing in Pesth.

Marin, the tenor, is engaged at St Petersburg.

The operatic season in Havannah was inaugurated with *Aida*.

The Theatre at Bucharest will open shortly with Italian opera.

Auber's *Sermont* has been revived at the Stadttheater, Hamburg.

Ignaz Brüll's *Landfriede* is among the revivals at the Royal Opera-house, Berlin.

Il Duca di Tapigliano, by Cagnoni, is announced at the Teatro Nuovo, Naples.

Michael Petoukhoff has published a book entitled *Hector Berlioz and Russian Music*.

Signora D'Angeri will appear in *Norma* at the inauguration of the Teatro Costanzi, Rome.

Arrigo Boito's *Mefistofele* has been performed, under the conductorship of Faccio, at Barcelona.

The tenor, Gayarre, is engaged at the Teatro Real, Madrid, from the 1st December to the end of March.

The Circo, Varieta, and Follies, at Naples, are to be demolished.—(Better late than never.—Dr Bludge.)

Fra Diavolo, with Mdle Duval and Naudin in the leading characters, has proved attractive at the Carcano, Naples.

Byron's *Manfred*, with Schumann's music, was recently performed on two successive evenings at the Stadttheater, Cologne.

What some American critics admire most in Rafael Joseffy's playing is his "exquisite pianissimo touch."—(Oh!—Dr Bludge.)

Having won in the lottery at Turin Elia's statue of Euterpe, King Humbert has presented it to the Philharmonic Academy of that city.

M. and Mad. Marchesi have had the misfortune to lose their daughter, Mdle Stella Marchesi, who has just died in Vienna, aged 21. She was a girl of more than ordinary promise.

Mr and Mrs German Reed's Entertainment will close after Saturday, December 18th, and re-open on Boxing-day at three and eight. *The Turquoise Ring* will be temporarily withdrawn, and an entirely new Holiday Programme will be given on Boxing-day at three. Full particulars will be duly announced.

He stood twirling his hat in his hand. It was about time for the morning stars to begin their song together. "Well!"—and he moved one step nearer the door. "Well!" she replied—also stepping nearer the door. "Well, I—I must be going. If—" "That's right, John, if—" and she leaned her head upon his shoulder, "if you—have—any—conundrums—to ask—ask—them—now." He was measured for a new hat and a pair of kid gloves that same day.

PRAGUE.—A concert is projected in aid of the pension fund for professors of the Conservatory of Music. The leading feature of the programme will be the *Harold* of Berlioz.

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Printed by HENDERSON & RAIR, at 3 and 5, Marylebone Lane, Oxford Street, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex.
Published by WILLIAM DUGAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street, Saturday, December 11, 1880.